

# CEREBUS LATTER DAYS 6



IF  
CEREBUS  
BE  
BOUND  
SO  
LONG  
CEREBUS  
COULD  
PLOTZ



271  
OCT

From The National Post  
Saturday September 15, 2001

"On Parliament Hill, more than  
80,000 mourn  
U.S. victims"

Prime Minister Chrétien spoke briefly, and well. "You have a symbol before you," he said to Paul Cellucci, the U.S. Ambassador to Canada. "A people united in outrage, in grief, in compassion and resolve."

He quoted from Martin Luther King, Jr., who once said that in difficult times it is not the words of the enemy that one tends to remember, but the silence of your friends.

"There will be no silence from Canada," the Prime Minister said. "Our friendship has no limit."

No one of a certain age standing there could ever envision John Diefenbaker [*Prime Minister; 1957-1963*], during the [*Cuban*] missile [*Crisis*] debate, or Lester Pearson [*1963-1968*] during the Vietnam War, or Pierre Elliott Trudeau [*1968-1979*] on practically any given week of his many years in office speaking those words, but then nor could they ever envision something like Tuesday's massacre. Chretien may have believed words failed him, but this day, under these circumstances, they did not.

"Generation after generation," he told Cellucci, "we have traveled many difficult miles together. Side by side, we have lived through many dark times, always firm in our shared resolve to vanquish any threat to freedom and justice."

"And together, with our allies, we will defy and defeat the threat that terrorism poses to all civilized nations."

Cellucci spoke even more briefly, but with surprising power. He stood and stared around at the huge, somber crowd and the fine fall sky that reminded most there of another gathering a year ago for the lying-in-state of Pierre Trudeau.

"Such sadness, such beauty," he said as he thanked Canada. America, he said, is grateful for the safe haven for all those inbound flights to land, for support in NATO, for offers of blood, for the flowers and candy that had been left at the embassy and various consulates and, most particularly, for the hundreds of cards left with messages for the young children who had lost a parent, sometimes both parents, in the tragedy.

"You truly are our closest friend," Cellucci said. "The United States and Canada are free and open societies, democracies that respect individual liberty and human rights—and our way of life will be maintained. The United States and Canada and the freedom-loving nations of this world will win this war against terrorism."

# CEREBUS

NO. 271

OCTOBER 2001

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## LATTER DAYS

•  
PROLOGUE  
(Cerebus 266  
and 267)

•  
BOOK ONE  
(Cerebus 268 to  
288)

•  
BOOK TWO  
(Cerebus 289 to  
300)

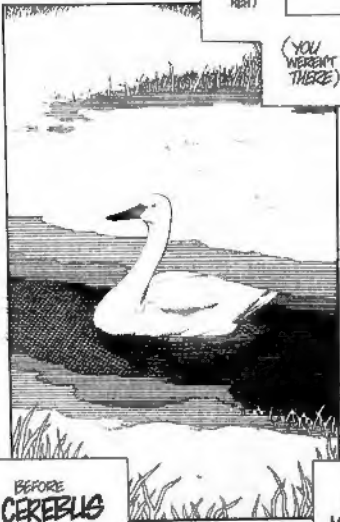
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BEFORE  
YOU **KNEW**  
IT.

(WELL - NOT  
BEFORE  
YOU  
KNEW IT)

(HEN-  
HEN)

(YOU  
WEREN'T  
THERE)



BEFORE  
**CEREBUS**  
KNEW IT

...  
IT WAS  
**WINTER**  
AGAIN!

CEREBUS FORGOT TO MENTION - WHENEVER  
LOSHIE AND MOSHIE GOT NERVOUS  
THEY'D START RENOVATING LIKE  
CRAZY--

LOSHIE WITH HIS METAL-WORKING  
AND MOSHIE WITH HIS WOOD-WORKING  
(NOT KOSHIE - KOSHIE WAS ALWAYS ABOUT  
THE SAME) (NUK NUK NUK).

EARLY THAT WINTER, THE  
FIRST SIGNS OF NERVES  
STARTED TO SHOW:  
"SUPER-WRECK"

(CEREBUS HAD NO IDEA WHAT THAT MEANT BUT  
-- PRETTY SOON -- THAT WAS ALL THAT THEY  
WERE TALKING ABOUT WHEN IT WASN'T  
THEIR TURN TO READ THE "BOOKEE  
OF RICKEE" ALOUD: "SUPER-WRECK")

(WELL...) (AS IT TURNED OUT)

IT SEEMED THERE WERE  
ANOTHER THREE WISE FELLOWS  
WHO HAD "SET UP SHOP" IN A  
HUNTING LODGE A FEW MILES AWAY  
WITH THIS MILK-MAID (SEE)  
WHO THEY HAD TIED TO AN ALTAR IN  
THEIR "SANCT-VARRY" - AND HER  
NAME WAS (YOU'RE GOING TO THINK  
CEREBUS IS MAKING THIS UP, BUT HE  
ISN'T)

**SARAH BUTTZ.**

(AND SHE WAS REPORTEDLY ABOUT A HUNDRED  
YEARS OLD AND SHE REPORTEDLY CLAIMED  
THAT RICK HAD CHOPPED OFF HER  
LITTLE FINGERS AND HER LITTLE TOES  
AND HER BIG TOES WITH A  
MEAT CLEAVER IN A JEALOUS  
RAGE OVER THE THESSALIAN AFFAIR  
SHE WAS HAVING WITH JOANNE)  
(AND THEN RICK REALIZED SHE WAS  
THE CHOSEN ONE OF TARIM SO HE  
FELT GUILTY AND WROTE THE BOOK  
OF RICK TO ALLEVIATE HIS GUILT) (BUT  
HE CHANGED SARAH INTO A MALE IN THE  
BOOK OF RICK) (BECAUSE RICK WAS A  
"HOMOPHOBIC") (HE WAS AFRAID OF SARAH'S  
MILKMOOR SOMETHING) (AND RICK JUST COULDN'T  
FACE THE FACT THAT SARAH AND JOANNE  
TRULY LOVED EACH OTHER  
IN A WAY NO MERE MAN  
COULD EVER BLAH BLAH  
BLANDY BLAH BLAH.)

**ANYWAY:**

(TO MAKE A LONG STORY EVEN  
LONGER) IT TURNED OUT THAT  
SARAH BUTTZ'S THREE WISE  
FELLOWS (MICKEY, DONALD  
AND WALT)

(SHORT FOR  
MICHELANGELO, DONATELLO AND  
WALT) (ESPECIALLY WALT WHO) (THEY  
SAID) (BECAUSE HE COULDN'T DRAW  
OR BUILD OR DO ANYTHING (YOU KNOW)  
(USEFUL)) (WAS REALLY JUST THIS  
OPINIONATED PRICK BASTARD WHO  
BOBBED AROUND THE OTHER TWO)  
HAD DECLARED CEREBUS, MOSHIE  
LOSHIE AND KOSHIE TO BE  
"SUBEREC'S"

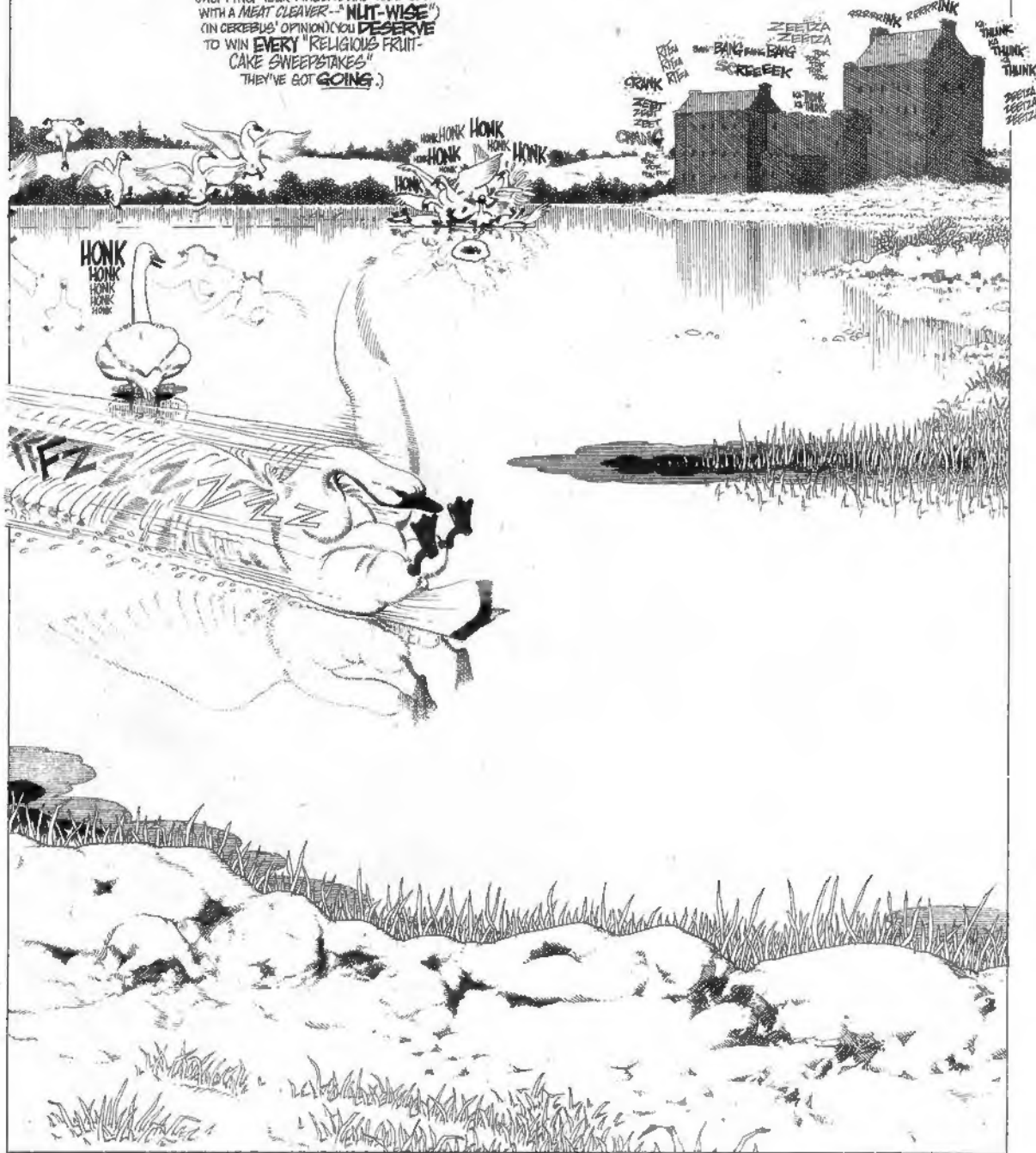
(PRONOUNCED "BOOBER-WRECKS")  
("CEREBUS" SPELLED BACKWARDS)

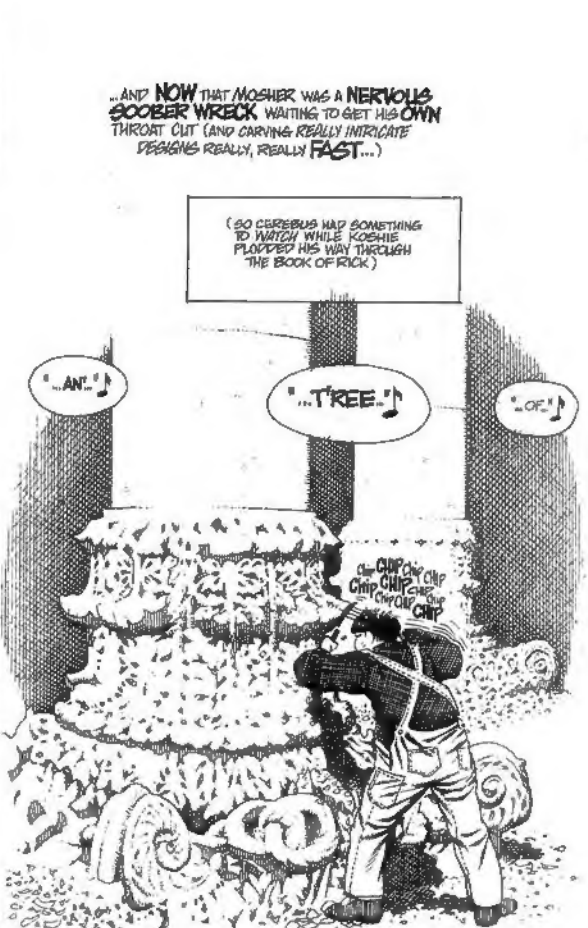
**"ANTI-CEREBUSES"**

(WHICH-- BEING AS THAT WAS ALL THAT CEREBUS WAS TRYING TO ACCOMPLISH IN THE FIRST PLACE-- INSTANTLY MADE CEREBUS ONE OF SARAH BLITZ'S BIGGEST SUPPORTERS!)

(BESIDES-- ONCE YOU START  
SPELLING NAMES BACKWARDS AND  
CHOPPING YOUR FINGERS AND TOES OFF  
WITH A MEAT CLEAVER--<sup>3</sup> "NUT-WISE"  
(IN CEREBRUS' OPINION) YOU **DESERVE**  
TO WIN **EVERY** "RELIGIOUS FRUIT-  
CAKE SWEETSTAKES"  
THEY'VE GOT **GOING**.)

(BUT ALL THAT THROAT-CUTTING  
TALK HAD MADE MOOSHIE AND  
LOSHIE A LITTLE)  
(HEH-HEH) (NERVOUS.)





IT WAS CEREBUS' FIRST TIME SPEAKING IN THAT WEIRD BOOK OF RICK LANGUAGE AND (HAVING LISTENED TO IT NONSTOP FOR MONTHS) CEREBUS WAS PRETTY GOOD AT IT (IF SOBEIT THAT CEREBUS DOETH SPEAK IN VERBES OF HIMSELF)

PERCEIVEST THOU NOT THAT A MILK MAID HATH USURPED THY 'WORD OF TRUTH'?

HATH USURPED THY 'WORD OF TRUTH' FOR THE SAKE OF THY TRANSGRESSIONS? AND FOR THE SAKE OF THINE INIQUITY? AND THAT THE ONE CEREBUS IS HELPLESS TO RESTORE THY WORD UNTO THEE?

FOR--OF A SURETY--THOU HAST FORGOTTEN THINE OWN 'WORDS OF TRUTH' WHICH THOU WAST TO SPEAK UNTO CEREBUS!

THINE OWN WORD WHICH HAD BEEN PROMISED UNTO CEREBUS BY THE PROPHET RICK IN A DREAM--AND WHICH WOULD BE SPOKEN UNTO CEREBUS BY HE--WHO-WAS-TO-BRING-UNTO-CEREBUS-THE-BOOK!

(MEN-HEN CEREBUS ALMOST SAID: "BOOKEE")

AND NOW.

FOR THY TRANSGRESSIONS' SAKE.

IN THY FORGETTING

AND IN THY FORSAKING

OF THOSE WORDS WHICH WERE PROMISED UNTO CEREBUS.

BY THE PROPHET RICK:

OF A SURETY

THOU

AND THE ONE CEREBUS

MUST SOON

DIE THE DEATH!

GULP.

AT THE HAND

OF

MICKEY.

AT THE HAND

OF

DONALD.



OKAY-- CEREBUS WAS A LITTLE HARD ON MOSHIE (A LITTLE HARD? HEH-HEH  
MOSHIE LOOKED WORSE THAN HE DID WHEN LOSHIE HIT 'IM WITH THE ANVIL!) (HEH-HEH!  
AYE, HE DID.) ESPECIALLY CONSIDERING THAT EVEN CEREBUS  
HAD FORGOTTEN THE PASSWORD ("MINT-O MONGO"?)  
(SOMETHING LIKE THAT)



SO! CEREBUS FOR EXACTLY TWO AND A HALF DAYS (WITH ONE EAR) (NYUK NYUK NYUK) ON THE DOOR-- (LISTENING FOR THE ARRIVAL OF SARAH BUTTZ'S THROAT-SCULPTING COMMITTEE)  
 GOT TO ENJOY THE FRUITS OF HIS GENUINELY-DEMON-SELF-INSPIRED-TORMENT OF MOSHER-- REWARDED BY A SILENT SYMPHONY OF FLYING WOODCHIPS -- (MOSHER'S HAMMER AND CHISEL VIRTUALLY A BLUR)

# WHEN SUDDENLY (WITHOUT WARNING) DISASTER LOOMED:

WORD ARRIVED (VIA AN UNDERCOVER AGENT OF THE M.M.U.)  
 (THE) (NON-ALIGNED) (MILK MAID UNDERGROUND) THAT  
 EXTREME-DEMON-SELF-INSPIRED-NERVOUSNESS HAD PROVEN  
 ITSELF (AS A CONDITION) TO BE NOT UNIQUE TO OUR OWN (BE-IT-  
 EVER-SO-HUMBLE) 'SANCT-YARRY'  
 (FAR FROM IT)

ACCORDING TO OUR (EVIDENTLY ALWAYS) RELIABLE HIGH-PLACED  
 M.M.U. SOURCE WALT (WHO, WORD WAS, HAD BEEN CHAIN-SMOKING  
 UPWARDS OF EIGHTY-FIVE UNFILTERED CIGARETTES A DAY) (AND IF  
 THAT WENT A CLEAR EXAMPLE OF DEMON-SELF-INSPIRED-NER-  
 VOUSNESS CEREBUS DOESN'T KNOW WHAT IS) HAD BEEN SEIZED  
 (RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF CHAPTER THREE VERSE FIFTY-SEVEN) BY A  
 COUGHING FIT SO SEVERE ("HOW SEVERE?" YOU QUERY?) A  
 COUGHING FIT SO SEVERE THAT IT DISLODGED HIS LEFT  
 LUNG -- SO EXPLOSIVELY ("HOW EXPLOSIVELY?" YOU QUERY?) SO  
 EXPLOSIVELY THAT IT HAD BEEN EXPELLED CLEAR OUT OF  
 HIS CHEST CAVITY -- CLEAR UP, UP THROUGH HIS WINDPIPE -- CLEAR  
 PAST HIS SARCOPHAGUS -- AND CLEAR OUT OF HIS MOUTH  
 WHERE IT CAME TO REST: HALF IN (OUR SOURCE ASSURED US)  
 AND HALF OUT!

FOR AN HOUR OR TWO (BY HOOKING WAISTS RAPIDLY STIFFENING  
 ARMS AROUND THEIR RESPECTIVE NECKS AND "WALKING"  
 HIN AROUND IN TIGHT LITTLE CIRCLES BEFORE THE ALTAR)  
 MICKEY AND DONALD HAD MANAGED TO PERSUADE THE  
 LOCAL CEREBITES THAT WALT WAS "JUST RESTING HIS  
 EYES" AND WAS "GETTING READY" TO FULLY INFLATE THE  
 (MOOPLY) SHINY BLACK AND (PARTLY) SHINY PINK

## WORSHIP BALLOON™

WHICH WALT HAD... (PRAISE RICK!)... JUST NOW (CREATED  
 IN THE NAME OF SARAH BUTTZ (REPLICAS OF WHICH WOULD)  
 (MICKEY AND DONALD ASSURED THE ASSEMBLY) (BE  
 DISTRIBUTED) (FOR A NOMINAL FREE WILL OFFERING XTO ALL THE  
 GOOD AND FAITHFUL AND) (PRAISE SARAH!) (PATIENT  
 BOYS AND GIRLS AND MUMS AND DADS  
 IN THE AUDIENCE)



THE "JIG" (HOWEVER) WAS DEFINITELY  
"UP" WHEN IT CAME WALT'S TURN TO  
RECITE THE "BOOKEE"  
IN SARAH BUTTZ'S EAR.

DONALD (EVIDENTLY) GAVE A GAME  
TRY AT VENTRILQUIISM BUT BETWEEN  
THE FACT THAT (APPARENTLY) DONALD  
HAD THIS REALLY DISTINCTIVE VOICE  
THAT EVERYONE (LIKE) KNEW...

...THE FACT THAT THAT VOICE  
WASN'T EVEN REMOTELY  
LIKE WALT'S VOICE (WHICH  
EVERYONE ALSO KNEW)...

...THE FACT THAT WALT'S  
HEAD WAS LEANING  
AGAINST THE "BOOKEE" AT  
THIS WEIRD ANGLE...

...THE FACT THAT  
WALT'S EYES WERE  
CLOSED...

...THE FACT THAT WALT  
WAS TURNING THIS  
BLuish-GRAY  
COLOUR...

...AND THE FACT THAT WALT'S MOUTH  
WAS (LIKE OBVIOUSLY) SO PACKED  
FULL OF "WORSHIP BALLOON"  
THAT THE ONLY LIPS YOU COULD SEE  
MOVING IN THE ENTIRE SANCTUARY  
WERE DONALD'S...



WELL!

THE CEREBITES (OR, IN THIS CASE) THE SARAHBITES WERE RELIGIOUS NUTS (TRUE) BUT THEY WEREN'T (YOU KNOW) COMPLETELY STUPID:

SO WHAT FEW "NUTS" THERE WERE WERE IN THE CROWD ALL DECIDED (PRETTY MUCH AT THE SAME MOMENT) TO TAKE WHAT FEW "BOYS AND GIRLS" THERE WERE IN THE CROWD OUTSIDE TO (YOU KNOW) PLAY

WHICH (PRETTY MUCH) LEFT ONLY THE "DADS" (AND A BUNCH OF AXE HANDLES AND CROWBARS AND OTHER "INSTRUMENTS" OF THE) (WHATYACALLIT) (BLUNT "PERSUASION")

AND (OF COURSE) SARAH AND MICKEY AND DONALD AND (THE WISE FELLOW FORMERLY KNOWN AS WALT)

SO (THE WAY THE AGENT OF M.M. J. TOLD IT): THE "DADS" (EVIDENTLY) STARTED ASKING MICKEY AND DONALD SOME VERY, VERY VERY SPECIFIC QUESTIONS ABOUT "WHAT SORT OF (YOU KNOW) TIMETABLE MICKEY AND DONALD WERE ENVISIONING IN ESTABLISHING AN ON-SALE DATE ... AND EVEN MORE SPECIFIC QUESTIONS ABOUT "NOMINAL FREE WILL OFFERING PER UNIT COST" VIS-A-VIS THE WORSHIP BALLOON™ (REPLICAS™) AND ... (WELL) ...

EITHER DONALD WAS ONE OF THOSE GUYS WHO LETS HIS WALLET DO A LITTLE TOO MUCH OF HIS THINKING FOR HIM... OR HE PICKED A VERY VERY BAD TIME TO SOUND LIKE ONE OF THOSE GUYS... BECAUSE HE JUST LIPPED AND NAMED A PRICE THAT (EVEN FOR A GENUINE REPLICAS OF A MANIFESTATION OF THE LIVING WORK OF THE PROPHET KICK, WAS SO FAR OUTSIDE THE AMOUNT THAT THE AVERAGE SARAHBITE FAMILY HAD BUDGETED FOR "MISCELLANEOUS RELIGIOUS ICONS (BLASH) FAITH-BASED INTERIOR-DECORATING EXPENDITURES" THAT THE "DADS" (WITHOUT A WORD) JUST JUMPED ON SARAH AND MICKEY AND DONALD AND JUST STARTED

JUST  
STARTED





L10TEN

TELLING THE WHOLE STORY  
(YOU KNOW) **OUT LOUD**  
LIKE THIS FOR THE  
FIRST TIME -

**CEREBUS JUST REALIZED  
(JUST THIS MINUTE) THAT THIS  
WHOLE PART OF THE STORY  
IS REALLY, REALLY  
GROSS!!**

(I KNOW?)

(JUST LET CEREBUS  
WRITE A LITTLE...  
**NOTE**... TO HIMSELF.

HERE.)

(DEEER... DEER E-BUS.  
FOR ...MENNN...DIRS... YOU HAVE  
...THREEEE ...)

(SKIP.)

(ENN... THREE...)

(SAAA...RAHH...)

(MICK...EEEE...)

(DON... AWWWW...)

(AAAAND...)

(WALT...)

(STO...RYNN...)

(SIN... DEEEEEEER...EE...)

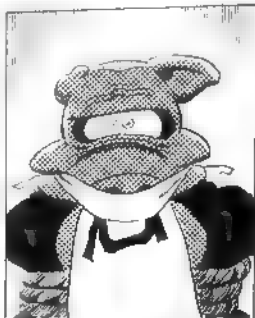
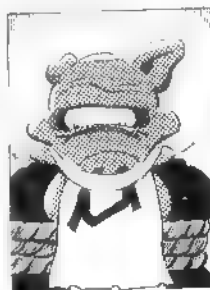
(DER... E... BUDDS...)

\*\*\*



ANYWAY

AFTER THE THREE WISE FELLOWS HAD RECOVERED FROM THE AGENT OF M.M.U.'S VISIT, THERE WAS QUITE A CELEBRATION (MOSHIE EVEN DRANK HALF A GLASS OF WINE!) BECAUSE WE WERE (WITH THE SUDDEN DEMISE OF SARAH AND MICKEY AND DONALD AND WALT) BACK TO BEING THE ONLY GAME N TOWN (SANCT-VARRY-WISE)...



WITH NOTHING FOR CEREBUS TO WATCH AND NOTHING FOR CEREBUS TO DO (BESIDES LISTENING TO THE BOOKEE OF RICKEE)



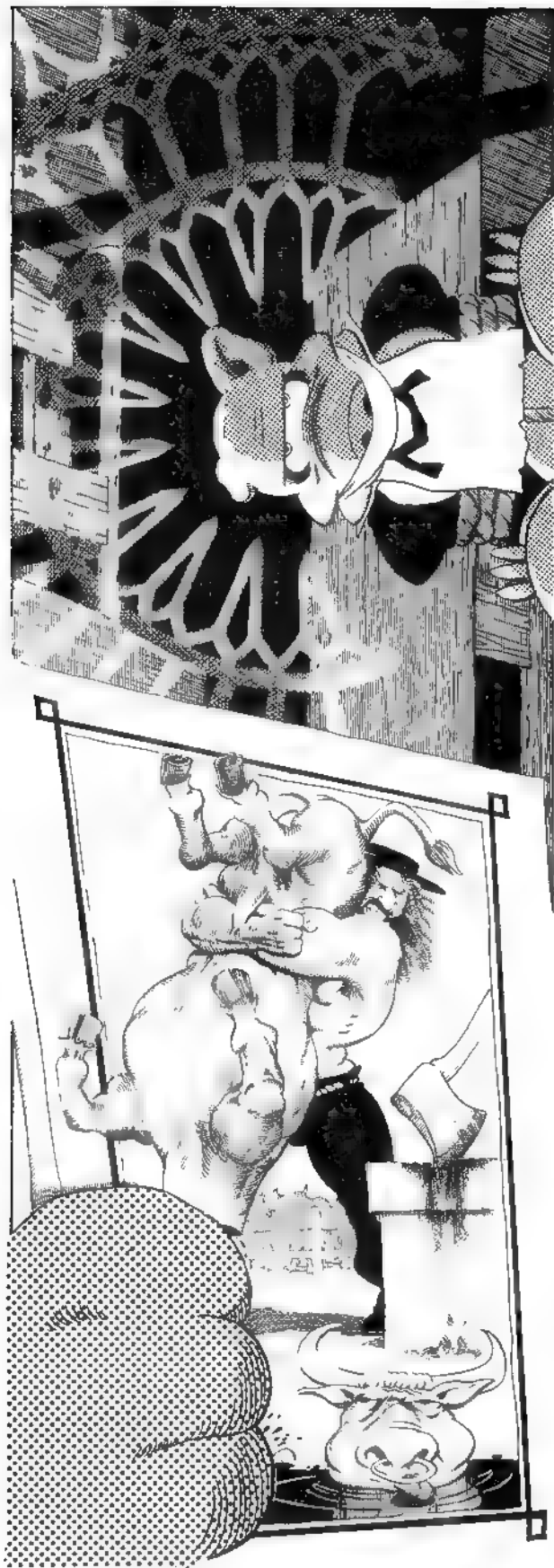
SO  
CEREBUS ENDED UP THINKING A  
LOT AND ONE OF THE THINGS  
CEREBUS THOUGHT ABOUT WAS  
"WHAT DOES THIS REMIND CEREBUS  
OF?" AND CEREBUS REALIZED  
THAT IT REMINDED HIM OF THAT  
NIGHT IN ONE OF THE TAVERNS  
IN NORTHERN ISSHURIA (WHEN  
CEREBUS WAS STILL PLAYING  
FIVE BAR GATE AND TAKING BRIBES  
TO STAY IN SOMEONE ELSE'S TAVERN)  
AND CEREBUS WAS RE-READING (FOR  
LIKE, THE TENTH TIME) "ISSUE" FIFTY OF  
RABBI (WHICH HAD JUST COME OUT THAT  
DAY AND WHICH WAS - INSTANTLY,  
- THE GREATEST "ISSUE"  
EVER!)

## "FIST OF TABERNACLES"

(WHERE N (AS YOU'LL RECALL) (THE BADGINS DISGUISED  
THEMSELVES AS BULLOCKS AND RAMS AND  
MALE LAMBS TO FOOL RABBI BUT RABBI  
TURNED THE TABLES ON 'EM TRAPPING 'EM IN  
GABBERPINE, RABBI'S REAL MARTIAL SPIRIT  
OF STERN JUDGEMENT AND - OVER THE COURSE  
OF SEVEN DAYS CHOPPING THEIR  
HEADS OFF (SEVENTY-ONE BULLOCKS,  
FIFTEEN RAMS, A HUNDRED AND FIVE  
MALE LAMBS) AND WRITING BERRY DROP  
OF BLOOD OUT OF 'EM POURING IT ON  
THE GROUND LIKE WATER (NOW THAT'S  
GREAT WRITING!))

THAT WAS THE NIGHT CEREBUS HAD FIRST REALIZED  
THAT HE WAS RICH - RICH ENOUGH TO BUY  
ALL THE SEX HE WANTED.... AND (SINCE CEREBUS  
NEVER BROUGHT SEX) THAT NIGHT WAS WHEN CEREBUS  
REALIZED THAT CEREBUS DIDN'T "MISS SEX" AS  
MUCH AS HE THOUGHT HE DID AND (AS SOON AS HE  
REALIZED THAT) CEREBUS REALIZED THAT HE  
MISSED "MISSING SEX" AND (AS SOON AS HE  
REALIZED THAT) CEREBUS REALIZED THAT HE  
DIDN'T REALLY "MISS MISSING SEX" (BECAUSE  
IF HE DID REALLY "MISS MISSING SEX" PRETTY  
SOON HE WOULD JUST "MISS SEX" AND - IF HE  
ACTUALLY DID JUST "MISS SEX" HE WOULD GO RIGHT  
OUT AND BUY SOME, RIGHT?), SO (AS SOON AS  
CEREBUS REALIZED THAT) CEREBUS REALIZED  
THAT, ACTUALLY, INSTEAD OF MISSING "MISSING  
SEX" CEREBUS MISSED "MISSING MISSING SEX"  
AND REALIZED THAT "MISSING MISSING MISSING  
SEX" WAS SO FAR REMOVED FROM "MISSING SEX"  
THAT IT WAS HARDLY WORTH THINKING ABOUT (SEE)  
BECAUSE EVEN IF CEREBUS REALLY APPLIED HIMSELF  
TO GOING FROM "MISSING MISSING MISSING SEX"  
TO "MISSING MISSING SEX" AND THEN APPLIED  
HIMSELF TO GOING FROM "MISSING MISSING SEX"  
TO JUST "MISSING SEX" CEREBUS REALIZED  
IT STILL WOULDN'T BE ENOUGH BECAUSE CEREBUS  
WOULD STILL HAVE TO GET UP TO GO SHOPPING TO BUY  
SOME SEX AND (SINCE IT TOOK A LOT OF EFFORT) (A  
LOT OF EFFORT) TO GET BACK TO ACTUALLY  
"MISSING SEX" (THE ODDS WERE) BY THE TIME  
CEREBUS GOT TO THE LOCAL SEX RETAIL OUTLET  
(A.K.A. THE WHOREHOUSE) CEREBUS WOULD  
PROBABLY BE RIGHT BACK TO "MISSING MISSING SEX"  
OR (EVEN WORSE) "MISSING MISSING MISSING  
SEX" SO (THAT WHOLE NIGHT) CEREBUS JUST LAY  
IN HIS BUNK, READING THE SAME ISSUE OF  
RABBI OVER AND OVER AND OVER AGAIN WHILE  
PICTURING CEREBUS GETTING OUT OF HIS BUNK  
AND DIGGING A THOUSAND CROWNS (OR SO) OUT  
OF HIS HIDDEN EIGHTY-THOUSAND-CROWN "STASH"  
AND GOING TO THE LOCAL SEX RETAIL OUTLET AND  
HIRING (SAY) FIVE OR SIX BEAUTIFUL YOUNG GIRLS  
AND HAVING THEM ALL PILE ON TOP OF CEREBUS  
SO CEREBUS WAS (LIKE) BURIED BENEATH  
BEAUTIFUL NAKED GIRLS! NOW, THE WEIRD  
THING WAS - BECAUSE CEREBUS ONLY  
MISSED "MISSING SEX" (INSTEAD OF "MISSING  
SEX") AS SOON AS CEREBUS WOULD PICTURE  
HIMSELF UNDER A BIG PILE OF BEAUTIFUL  
NAKED GIRLS, THAT WAS ALL CEREBUS  
NEEDED! AND THEN CEREBUS COULD GO BACK  
TO RE-READING RABBI AND FORGET THE BIG  
PILE OF NAKED GIRLS UNTIL THE NEXT TIME  
HE NEEDED THEM





HOW DID IT REMIND CEREBUS OF THE NIGHT THAT CEREBUS FIGURED OUT THAT A BIG PILE OF NAKED BEAUTIFUL GIRLS IN CEREBUS' HEAD WAS BETTER (NOT TO MENTION CHEAPER!) THAN AN ACTUAL BIG PILE OF NAKED BEAUTIFUL GIRLS? ...WELL... BECAUSE THE MORE CEREBUS TRIED TO THINK OF A WAY TO ESCAPE FROM THE SANCTUARY AND FROM MOSHIE AND LOSIE AND KOSHIE, THE MORE CEREBUS WOULD WONDER WHAT (EXACTLY) WAS CEREBUS PLANNING TO ESCAPE TO? ...AND ALL CEREBUS COULD THINK OF WAS THAT CEREBUS WOULD HAVE TO GO LOOKING FOR ANOTHER TANGENT TO LIVE IN. THAT IS, ESSENTIALLY A ROOM OVER CEREBUS' HEAD AND FOOD TO EAT AND WATER TO DRINK AND A PLACE FOR CEREBUS TO... YOU KNOW (PASS AND CRAP) WHEN HE NEEDED TO BUT CEREBUS REALIZED THAT HE HAD ALL THAT RIGHT IN THE SANCTUARY. THE ONLY THING CEREBUS DIDN'T HAVE WAS ACCESS TO UNLIMITED QUANTITIES OF BOOZE, BUT THEN CEREBUS REALIZED WHO COULD SAY THAT HE COULD FIND IT ANYWAY NOW THAT EVERY THING SEEMED TO BE CHANGING THE RULES... AND (GROAN) WHENEVER CEREBUS REMEMBERED HIS LAST (KATHOON) HANGOVER, CEREBUS WAS FORCED TO ADMIT WHAT A GOOD THING IT WAS FOR CEREBUS THAT CEREBUS WAS BOUND WITHIN THE SANCTUARY BECAUSE (LET'S FACE IT) CEREBUS WOULD SAY TO HIMSELF EVEN IF CEREBUS DID MANAGE TO ESCAPE FROM THE SANCTUARY, AND EVEN IF CEREBUS DID MANAGE TO FIND AN OLD-FASHIONED CRIMINAL TANGENT WHERE THE ALCOHOL WAS FREE AND THERE WAS NO LAST CALL... WELL... EVEN THOUGH CEREBUS WOULD ONLY INTEND TO HAVE ONE OR TWO... UH... SCOTCHES... PRETTY SOON CEREBUS WOULD HAVE THREE OR NINE PINTS OF SCOTCH AND CEREBUS WOULD PASS OUT AND WHEN CEREBUS WOKES UP... WELL... IF CEREBUS THOUGHT HE HAD BEEN 'OUT OF PRACTICE' WITH HIS DRINKING IN 'PREP'S TANGENT' (AND HE HAD) WHOZZZZZZAH BROTHER! JUST IMAGINE WHAT THAT HANGOVER WOULD BE LIKE SO CEREBUS... INSTANTLY... WENT FROM TRYING TO FIGURE OUT HOW TO ESCAPE... TO (INSTEAD) BEING JUST FINE THE WAY HE WAS... THE SAME THING AS THAT NIGHT THAT HE JUST READ RAISEY "ISLAND" FIFTY OVER AND OVER AND OVER WHILE PLOTTING HIS WAY OUT OF THE BOTTOM OF A PILE OF NAKED BEAUTIFUL GIRLS CEREBUS IS JUST FINE THE WAY HE IS. ALL CEREBUS HAD TO DO WAS IMAGINE THE HANGOVER HE WOULD SOON HAVE IF HE DID ESCAPE IN ORDER TO BE HAPPY NOT ESCAPING AND WHAT MADE IT EVEN BETTER WAS THAT ANOTHER ELSE WOULD THINK CEREBUS WAS CRAZY! "WHY WOULD YOU JUST SAY AND READ RAISEY INSTEAD OF GOING OUT AND BEING A PILE OF NAKED BEAUTIFUL GIRLS TO LIE ON TOP OF YOU?" OR "WHY WOULD YOU INSTEAD OF TRYING TO ESCAPE YOU DECIDED IT WAS A GOOD THING TO BE ALL TIED UP?" COMPARED TO THE HANGOVER CEREBUS COULD STILL REMEMBER? IT WAS A GREAT THING. JUST... THEN TO HOW RELAXED CEREBUS WAS WHEN HE THOUGHT ABOUT IT... THAT FIRST TIME THAT CEREBUS REALIZED THAT CEREBUS IS JUST FINE THE WAY HE IS. HEH HEH... AND LOOK AT YOU! THIS IS THE MOST RELAXED YOU'VE BEEN SINCE YOU GOT HERE. SEE? YOU'RE JUST FINE THE WAY YOU ARE TOO.



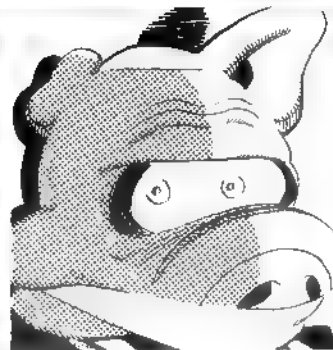
YOU'RE **NOT** ANY MORE RELAXED THAN **USUAL**? **REALLY**? CEREBUS FINDS THAT HARD TO BELIEVE -- MAYBE BECAUSE THIS IS CEREBUS' FAVOURITE PART OF THE STORY, SO IT MAKES CEREBUS FEEL RELAXED JUST THINKING ABOUT IT (YOU'RE **SURE** YOU DON'T FEEL ANY MORE RELAXED THAN USUAL?..... **HUNH.**) WELL, **ANYWAY** CEREBUS GOT REALLY RELAXED AT THAT **POINT**, **SO** RELAXED THAT (IT SEEMED TO CEREBUS) THERE WAS NO **REAL** DIFFERENCE BETWEEN BEING **AWAKE** AND BEING **ASLEEP** -- SO THAT **EITHER** CEREBUS WAS **AWAKE** **ALL** THE TIME **OR** (WHEN CEREBUS FEEL **ASLEEP**) CEREBUS WAS **DREAMING** THAT CEREBUS WAS **BOUND** WITHIN THE SANCTUARY LISTENING TO THE **BOOK OF RICK**. IN **FACT**, IT GOT TO THE POINT WHERE CEREBUS WOULD HAVE TO **TILT HIS HEAD BACK** JUST TO FIGURE OUT IF CEREBUS WAS **SUPPOSED** TO BE **AWAKE** OR **ASLEEP** (IF CEREBUS' HEAD HIT THE BONES OF UNFINISHED WOOD, THEN THAT MEANT A) IT WAS NIGHT TIME B) CEREBUS WAS LYING DOWN AND C) CEREBUS WAS **SUPPOSED** TO BE **ASLEEP**).

**SEE** -- THE **REASON** CEREBUS IS **TELLING** YOU ALL THIS IS BECAUSE CEREBUS JUST **KNOWS** YOU'RE GOING TO THINK THAT THIS **NEXT** PART WAS A **DREAM** BUT CEREBUS **SWears** TO YOU THAT CEREBUS WAS **AWAKE** THE **WHOLE** TIME -- IN **FACT** THE **VERY** FIRST THING CEREBUS **THOUGHT** TO HIMSELF WAS :..

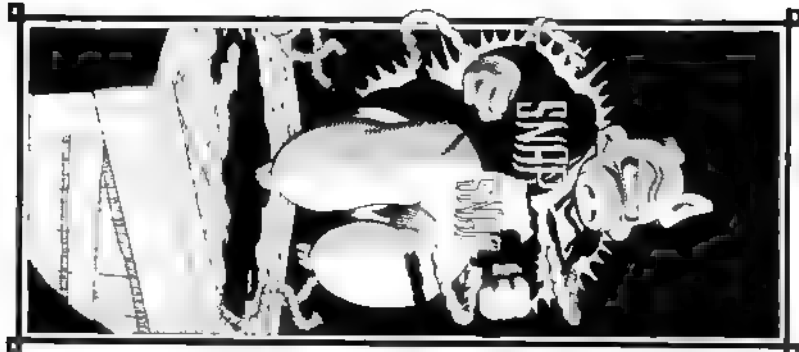
NOT A  
DREAM!



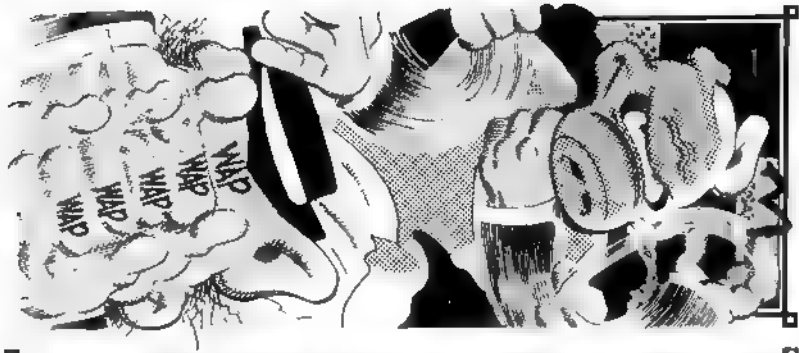
NOT A  
HOAX!



NOT AN  
IMAGINARY  
TALE!



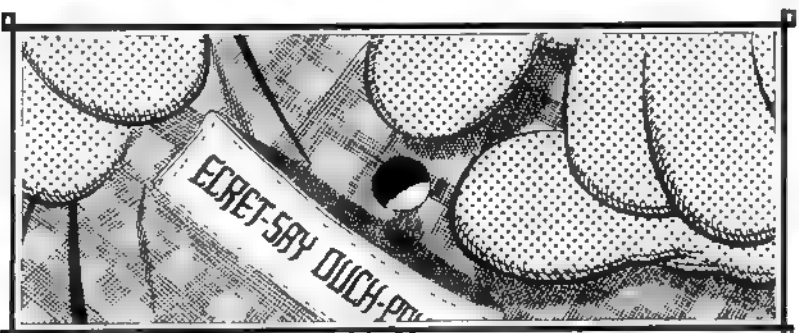
BREAKING FREE  
OF THESE STRONG  
CORDS WAS IMPOSSIBLE  
FOR CEREBUS!  
BUT IT'S HERE!  
CHILD'S PLAY  
FOR  
**RABBIT!**



WANT TO CHANGE  
IN CEREBUS'  
IDENTITY  
AT  
**RABBIT**  
SPEED!



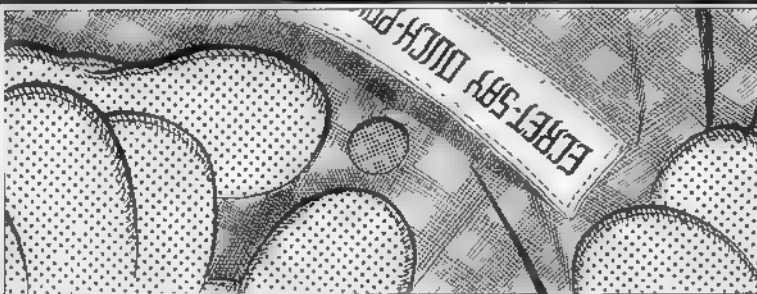
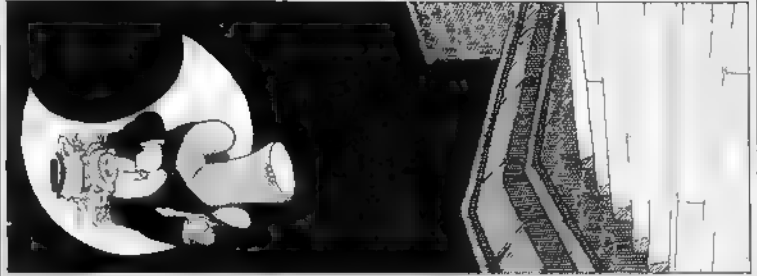
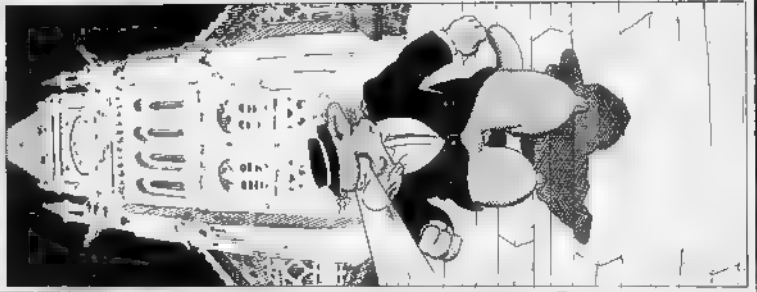
USE MY  
**RABBIT**  
STRENGTH TO CONQUER  
MY Specially Treated  
GEREBUS TOLEDO  
TO THE SIZE OF  
A PEA



SO IT CAN BE  
EASILY CONCEALED  
WITHIN THE  
POUCH! HIDDEN INSIDE  
THE LINING OF MY  
**RABBIT** MORNING  
COAT!



LIKEWISE  
WITH:



GREAT F  
STOP!  
MY  
RABBI-  
VISION  
REVEALS

THE  
CATEDRAL  
STEPS.

RABBI  
RABBI  
RABBI

BUT -- NO TIME TO  
THINK ABOUT THAT  
NOW.

CHUCKLE.  
IMAGINE HOW SURPRISED  
"CEREBUS" WOULD  
BE TO DISCOVER THAT  
HIS FAVORITE READER  
CHARACTER OF ALL  
TIME IS ALSO HIS  
SECRET  
IDENTITY!

MY  
DETACHABLE  
"CEREBUS"  
FOLDED-  
SKIN  
(MADE FROM  
REAL  
FLESH)



YOU'RE AFRAID  
TO DIE-- IS  
THAT IT?

I MEAN, IT'S NONE  
OF MY BUSINESS (AND  
PLEASE, FEEL FREE TO  
TELL ME TO KEEP MY  
BIG RABBI  
SCHNOZZLE  
OUT OF IT)

**BUT!**

HAS IT  
**NEVER**  
OCCURRED TO  
YOU, THAT THE  
**REASON**  
YOU'RE AFRAID  
TO DIE? 'S  
BECAUSE  
**NOT ONCE?**  
SINCE YOU WERE?

WHAT  
**NINE?**

TEN?  
(ELEVEN  
MAYBE)

NOT ONCE  
HAVE YOU **DESIGNED**  
TO GET  
DOWN ON YOUR  
TERRIBLY  
ATTRACTIVE  
(FORGIVE ME FOR NOTICING  
I AM A RABBI, BUT I AM  
NOT **BLIND**)

**SHIKSA**  
**KNEES**  
TO **THANK**  
**GOD**  
THAT YOU  
ARE SO...  
**'GEBENSCHT'**  
?

MY  
**ARCH-NEMESIS,**  
**MARY**  
**HEMINGWAY!**  
...  
AND SHE  
HAS A  
**GUN!**

FORTUNATELY  
FOR ME?  
**THE BROAD**  
**SIDE OF A BARN**  
(YOU SHOULD PARDON  
MY USE OF THE ADJECTIVE).  
SHE COULDN'T HIT.

SO! AGAIN I  
MAKE WITH THE  
"AMBIENCE OF  
IMMORTALTY"  
SPIEL.  
(IN THIS LIFE, YOU  
DO WHAT YOU  
HAVE TO)

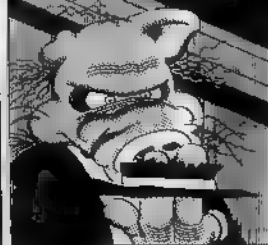
**RESIDES**

(.. SHE'S THE  
**ONLY**  
**ARCH-NEMESIS**  
**I'VE GOT**)

PROBABLY? YOU ARE  
THINKING THAT SUCH  
EMPTY FLATTERY  
SHOULD BE BENEATH  
ME.  
(THE TRUTH BE KNOWN  
AS **SHIKSA KNEES GO**  
HERS ARE NOTHING  
SPECIAL.)

YOU KNOW WHAT  
IT MEANS  
'GEBENSCHT'?  
IT MEANS  
'BLESSED'!

LIKEWISE - ?  
NOT ONCE HAVE  
YOU SOUGHT  
GOD'S  
FORGIVENESS  
OF YOUR



THAT'S  
YOUR  
ANSWER?

'KA KOOM'?

OR IS THERE (PERHAPS)  
SOME... SUBTLE SHADING  
(OR) ...NUANCE THAT I AM  
AM MISSING HERE?

UT.

BUT! BY ME?  
IF IT MAKES FOR THE  
SMALLEST CHANCE  
THAT ONE MIGHT  
TRY TO FIND  
GOD?  
IT IS WORTH (AS  
WE SAY IN THE RABBI  
BIZ) A SHOT.

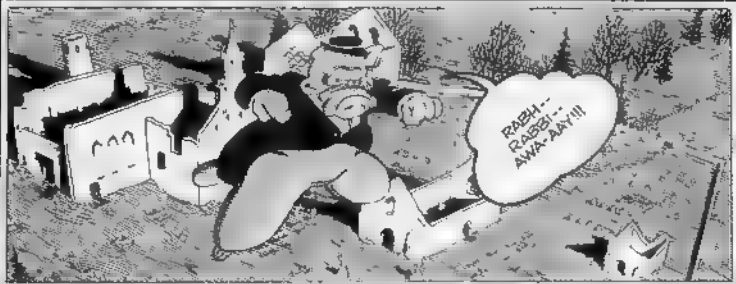
ANOTHER  
EXPRESSION  
WE HAVE IN  
THE  
RABBI  
BIZ.

ARON'S GEFORKFENEH

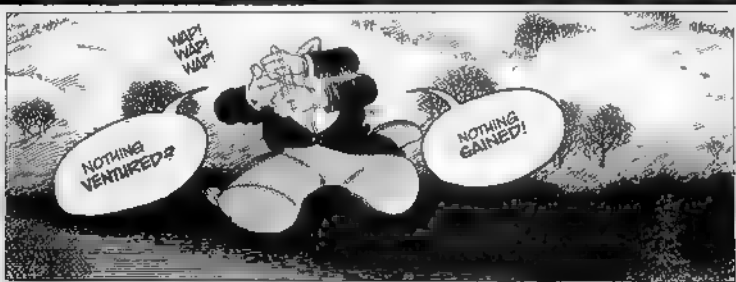
WASTED  
YEARS.

BY  
RABBI-HEARING  
DETECTS MOSHE LOSHIE  
AND KOSHE LOSHIE  
ENTERING THE  
SANCTUARY

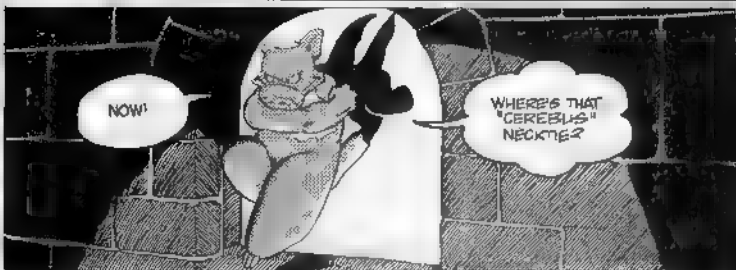
TRAVELLING AN EIGHTH  
OF A MILE IN A SINGLE  
BOUND!



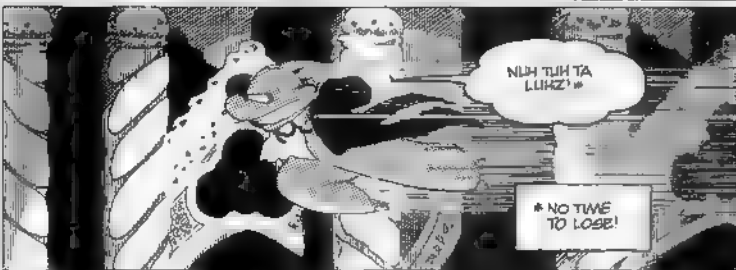
CHANGING  
IDENTITY IN  
MID-AIR!



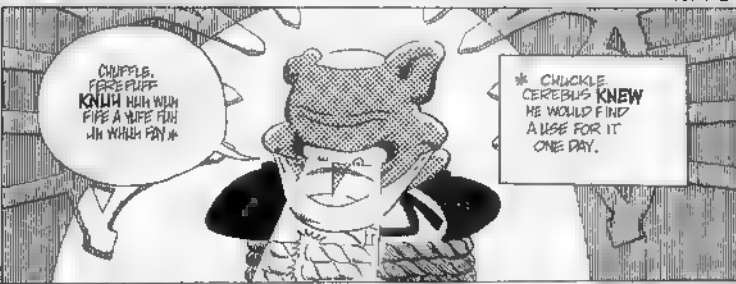
SECONDS  
LATER!



TYING  
THE GAG  
BACK ON!!



ROPE-O  
ATTACH-O  
VISION!!!





**Excerpts from the Speech  
Prepared for delivery  
by  
President John F. Kennedy  
at the Trade Mart in Dallas  
November 22, 1963**

This link between leadership and learning is not only essential at the community level.

It is even more indispensable in world affairs. Ignorance and misinformation can handicap the progress of a city or a company, but they can, if allowed to prevail in foreign policy, handicap this country's security. In a world of complex and continuing problems, in a world full of frustrations and irritations, America's leadership must be guided by the lights of learning and reason—

or else those who confuse rhetoric with reality  
and the plausible with the possible

will gain the popular ascendancy with their seemingly swift and simple solutions to every world problem. There will always be dissident voices heard in the land, expressing opposition without alternatives, finding fault but never favor, perceiving gloom on every side and seeking influence without responsibility.

Those voices are inevitable.

But today, other voices are heard in the land—voices preaching doctrines wholly unrelated to reality...doctrines which apparently assume that words will suffice without weapons, that vituperation is as good as victory and that peace is a sign of weakness.

We cannot expect that everyone—to use the phrase of a decade ago—will “talk sense to the American people.” But we can hope that fewer people will listen to nonsense. And the notion that this Nation is headed for defeat through deficit, or that strength is but a matter of slogans, is nothing but just plain nonsense.

...this Nation's strength and security  
are not easily or cheaply obtained, nor are they  
quickly or simply explained. There are many kinds of strength and no one kind  
will suffice. Overwhelming nuclear strength cannot stop a guerrilla war.  
Formal pacts of alliance cannot stop internal subversion.  
Displays of material wealth cannot stop the  
disillusionment of diplomats  
subjected to discrimination.

Above all, words alone are not enough.  
The United States is a peaceful nation.  
And where our strength and determination are clear,  
our words need merely to convey conviction, not belligerence.  
If we are strong, our strength will speak for itself.  
If we are weak, words will be of no help.

I realize that this Nation often tends to identify turning-points  
in world affairs with the major addresses which preceded them.

But it was not the Monroe Doctrine  
that kept all Europe away from this hemisphere.  
It was the strength of the British fleet and the width of the Atlantic Ocean.  
It was not General Marshall's speech at Harvard  
which kept communism out of Western Europe.  
It was the strength and stability made possible  
by our military and economic assistance.

In this administration also, it has been necessary to issue specific warnings—  
warnings that we could not stand by and watch the Communists conquer  
Laos by force, or intervene in the Congo, or swallow West Berlin,  
or maintain offensive missiles on Cuba.

But, while our goals were at least temporarily obtained in these and other  
instances, our successful defense of freedom was due not to the words  
we used, but to the strength we stood ready to use  
on behalf of the principles  
we stand ready to defend.

Only an America which practices what it preaches  
about equal rights and social justice will be respected by those whose choice  
affects our future. Only an America which is growing and prospering economically  
can sustain the worldwide defenses of freedom, while demonstrating  
to all concerned  
the opportunities of our system and society.

Our adversaries have not abandoned their ambitions,  
our dangers have not diminished, our vigilance cannot be relaxed. But now we have  
the military, the scientific and the economic strength to do whatever must be done  
for the preservation and promotion of freedom.

That strength will never be used in pursuit of aggressive ambitions—it will  
always be used in pursuit of peace. It will never be used to promote  
provocations—it will always be used to promote  
the peaceful settlement of disputes.

We, in this country, in this generation, are—  
by destiny rather than choice—  
the watchmen  
on the walls of world freedom.  
We ask, therefore, that we may be worthy of  
our power and responsibility,  
that we may exercise our strength  
with wisdom and restraint,  
and that we may achieve in our time  
and for all time  
the ancient vision of  
“peace on earth, good will toward men.”

That must be our goal, and the righteousness of our cause must always  
underlie our strength. For as was written long ago: “except the Lord keep the city,  
The watchman waketh but in vain.”

